FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

"The Haters."

By R. RAY BAKER.

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Maybelle St. Claire sat in her dressing room, smeared grease paint on her face, recited sotto voce her great song hit and hated men.

"Here's some more gorgeous flowers—from a Mr. Kendricks," announced Geraldine Alberton, her maid, entering the room and holding a bouquet of red roses at arm's length, so she could survey it with the eye of a critic.

And wyy shouldn't Geraldine Alberton be considered a connoisseur on matters of flowers? Hadn't she personally received 519 bouquets addressed to her mistress in the year and a half since Maybelle had made her debut as a singer and dancer on the vaudeville stage?

And hadn't each and every one of these offerings from admiring men been crushed deliberately under the same small foot or else dumped unceremoniously into a convenient waste basket?

"Well, don't bother me about them," grumbled Maybelle, as she penciled little crosses at the corners of her eyes, adding luster to her already vivacious countenance. "Drop them out the window. I noticed there's an alley there."

Not that Maybelle St. Clair, "dainty, diminutive, dancing damsel," had an aversion for flowers. To the contrary, she possessed a normal girl's fondness for them. It was the fact that men sent them to her that caused her to spurn these particular bouquets that were delivered to her room on the average of four a night.

When she lived in Ludington, Mich., Mabel Clare (the extra "y" and "le" and the "St." had been acquired since the aforementioned debut) had not been a man hater. In fact—impossible as it now seemed—she had been in love, tremendously in love, at one time. That was before she decided on a career instead of a dishrag and carpet sweeper.

It was her only love affair. The young man had wooed her for three years and won her, when along came this question of women's rights. The wedding bells were about due to ring, when study of suffrage and sundry other subjects put that career idea into Mabel's head. Her fiance objected seriously to the stage, although she insisted that he should accompany her and utilize his musical ability to help make her famous. She had just about won him over to her way of thinking when the suffrage question came up to have its fate decided by the electors of the state.

Mabel took a prominent part in the campaign, and when the amendment was defeated she was heartbroken In the midst of her tears of disappointment, while her husband-to-be was attempting to comfort her, she ceased sobbing sufficiently to remark that she supposed, of course, he had voted to enfranchise women. Being an honest but undiplomatic young man, he confessed that he had marked his cross in the "No" square. And from that moment he stopped being a prospetcive benedict.

"You're just a lowbrow, with backwoods ideas, and you'll never make any progress," she cried as she showed him the door. "I never want to see you again—or any other man. I'll never get married—never! I'll carve a career on the vaudeville stage, as I have planned, but I'll do it without your assistance or any other man's. I'll show you that men are not necessary, and you can stay here and rust into a grave."

She gave up her position in a dry goods store and went to Chicago, where she had an aunt whose husband exercised some influence in the theatrical world and who had taken considerable sympathetic interest in Mabel's footlight ambitions. The other aunt, with whom Mabel lived in Ludington, tried to dissuade her, but the objections were overruled; and as both the young lady's parents were dead, there was no one to interfere with her working out a future in her chosen course.

She sent no letters to her erstwhile sweetheart—not even a postcard picture of Lincoln Park. "He's too narrow-minded and we have nothing in common," she repeatedly assured herself to assuage the pain that was bound to be felt after such a long and serious affair of the heart.

While Maybelle St. Clare "made up" for her first appearance in the Detroit vaudeville theatre, Philip Warner sat in the orchestra pit doing his bit in the making of melody for the first act on the bill. As he puffed out his cheeks and performed gyrations with the trombole slide, he kept his eyes averted from the slackwire artist, principally because the artist was a woman—and he hated women. His one disastrous love affair had embittered his heart against the sex.

Maybelle St. Clare's act was third on the bill. She was electric-lighted out in front as the headliner; consequently the audience was in an expectant mood. The orchestra rendered a dashing, soul-thrilling selection, and when the cresendo had reached its climax the girl who had carved a career tripped daintily out on the stage and bowed and blew kisses in response to the generous applause.

She was feeling especially full of the artistic spirit this evening, possibly because she was playing her first professional visit to her home state and some one from "up home" might be an observer of her efforts. The audience was with her from the start, and everybody who ever had doubted her vocal or terpsichorean ability would have been forced to amend his opinion upon witnessing her offering that evening.

Near the close of the act was when she always made the "big hit." She did it by rendering a song that she had stumbled on by accident in a music store in the west. It was not a popular song; she had never heard of it before, but it seemed to fit the one gap in her repertoire, so she had annexed it. Shortly after that she got recognition on the "big time" circuits, and she had been toll her "landing" there was due largely to that one selection.

The orchestra became silent and the audience hushed as she stepped close to the footlights and waited for darkness and the spotlight. Evidently there was a misunderstanding at the switchboard, for there was a vexatious delay about darkening the house. It was only a moment that she stood waiting, but that moment was enough for her gaze to meet that of the trombone player—and that settled it!

The lights went out and the spotlight found her, but she stood in a trance. She opened her mouth, but no sound came forth—for the simple reason that every word and note of that very necessary song had fled from her brain when she recognized that face in the orchestra.

She concentrated with all her will, but those eyes in the pit, which she could not see but could feel piercing her through and through, so disconcerted her that she was unable to apprehend the elusive words and notes.

Horrors! she thought. What if some one from home were a witness of her plight! A woman tittered foolishly and a man's guffaw followed.

"Sounds like Jeff Sullivan and Kittie Frickles," she told herself. "This is terrible!"

She shifted her weight from her right to her left foot, as perspiration streaked a canal through her artificial complexion. She had stood in that one pose at least a week—so it seemed—when it suddenly dawned on her that a whisper was floating up from the orchestra pit. A husky voice was repeating over and over:

"Back on the old plantation lives a white-haired negro man."

Maybelle St. Clare suddenly came to herself. Those were the first words of her song. Her mind pounced upon them and with them the tune. She smiled and opened her mouth once more, and her "great hit" scored another success.

After the show there was a little party in a nearby cafe. The participants were Maybelle St. Clare and Philip Warner. On her bosom she wore a bouquet of red roses which he had sent an usher to get when he received the note telling him she wished to see and "thank" him.

As she nibbled a chicken sandwich she remarked casually:

"Do you know, hilip, I've changed my mind about woman suffrage. I agree with you that woman's place is in the home. I've carved my career, but I'm sick and tired of it all."

He dipped a spoon in his coffee and sipped testily.

"I've changed my mind, too," he answered. "I'm in favor of giving women the vote or anything else they want."

She laughed, hesitated somewhat confusedly and held a menu card before her eyes.

"If that's the same," she said simply, "you'll give me back that ring I returned to you two years ago."

He nearly choked on the hot coffee, but he managed to swallow it, and reached into a vest pocket.

"I've always kept it with me," he declared.

In defiance of curious eyes at nearby tables, she allowed him to reach across and place the thin gold, diamond-set band on a finger which it had graced before.

"Now, will you explain how you happened to be acquainted with the words of "Where the Cotton Grows?" she asked. "And how you knew I needed that song to make my act go?"

He signaled the waiter to bring the check.

"Certainly," he replied amiably. "The program told me that you were supposed to sing that song, although it didn't inform me that Maybelle St Clare was Mabel Clare. I knew the words of the piece because I wrote them—and the music, too. If you'll dig up your copy you'll see printed on it 'Words and Music by Philipe de Warnaire."

CONFESSIONS of a WAR BRIDE

TWENTY-NINTH CHAPTER

New Liberty Loan Introduces Miss Lorimer to a Soap Box!

Chrys is being trained to speak for the next Liberty Loan by "Attorney" Martha Palmer. There are a dozen others of the fairest women of this fair city in the class. They meet every afternoon in our big ball room for rehearsal. Afterward, they have tea.

Yesterday when I was pouring for Chrys, Martha Palmer asked me:

"Where is that lovely Mary Thomas I met the day we fed the caravan? I could teach her to do perfectly stunning work in this Liberty Bond business."

For a minute I was tempted to introduce the "Quen of Smiles" to my sister-in-law's exclusive set just as I had to the women of Bridgeport, and I guess all that kept me from promising to do it was remembering just in time that this house belongs to Mother Lorimer.

So I stammered some kind of a reply:

"Oh, no! You couldn't teach her—she thinks with her feet—I mean, she dances—she wouldn't do at all, Martha. I—I'll tell you about her some time—when we are alone!"

Martha, lady lawyer though she is, looked considerably puzzled. And no wonder. But I will be awfully glad to share my growing confusion about Mary Thomas with a straight thinking person like Martha. I was also impressed with the way Mary Thomas impresses everyone she meets—even that arch suffragist and feminist, Mrs. Palmer.

hrys goes around lately posing with all the elegance she can gather from pictures of duchesses engaged in war work.

Her speech is to be on the theme. 'Unless what you do hurts, you are not doing your share of war work."

Martha Thomas wrote the speech and it is fine because it is so true. But I think it would be more convincing if some poor old woman delivered it. But Martha says some poor old woman couldn't hold a movie crowd.

Still, it seems to me that everybody will see that this war can't hurt Chrystabel Lorimer very much. It might, of course, if she cared for her brother but she only cares for herself and one other—Hamilton Certeis.

She has capacity for work, however, if not for love. Daddy Lorimer wants her in his office when he gets back from the east. His private secretary, a man he has had years and years, comes under the new registration law. He is a bachelor—no dependents and in the best of health.

And daddy is practical and prudent. With both sons in the army and a vast fortune to leave behind, he thinks it chrys' duty to get posted about his business.

And Certeis favors the plan—which settles it for Chrys.

I envy her. I would like to do a man's work, too. But Mother Lorimer comforts me by saying that somebody has got to raise the next generation.

Golden Eagles Meet—At the meeting of the grand castle, Knights of the Golden Eagle, at Huntington, yesterday Rev. H. K. Ash, of Montana Mines, was elected supreme representative. Marion countians elected at the meeting of the grand temple, Ladies of the Golden Eagle, include the following: Grand Templar, Mrs. Rena Ash, Montana Mines; grand priestess, Mrs. Maud Hager, Fairmont.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(IT'S A GOOD THING WIL BUR ISN'T ON THE DRAFT BOARD)—BY ALLMAN.